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second editions, and forgets what he put in the newspapers. Still, we cannot but regret that a sober second-thought should have cut out the lines, which are the appropriate motto of the whole war ;—

“ Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.”

There is enough left in all the poems, however, to show that a Laureate is not kept at all in fear by the court. There are very spirited passages, which would teach good lessons to any government in Europe or America.

3. *Wealth and Beauty. A Poem ; read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, July 19, 1855.* By WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT. Cambridge : John Bartlett. 1855.

THE recurrence of the anniversaries of the college literary societies is now so regular, and these anniversaries are now so frequent, as to make quite a remarkable feature in the literature of a year. They are a good deal laughed at by people who think they gain reputation by laughing at what exists ; and “ Phi Beta oratory ” is sometimes spoken of as a type of turgid, pompous, and useless declamation.

We have no such opinion of it ; and we believe, moreover, that the recurrence of these exercises is having a very happy effect in widening the sympathies and interests of the men of different colleges, and gradually creating a catholic spirit among them, to which little else in our college system tends. The eagerness of these different mock societies to obtain speakers who will call a large audience together, breaks down the spirit of clan, which would restrict them to some one of their own set or sect. No one can see the result without perceiving that much more is gained than the amusement of an hour. This year, for instance, Mr. H. W. Beecher addresses the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, and Mr. F. D. Huntington the branch at New Haven. From the Orthodox pulpit there comes to Cambridge a man all alive with just the freshness and liberality which Unitarian bigots think impossible among Orthodox surroundings. To the Orthodox college there goes a gentleman, of whose address we have been told that its profound and earnest religious drift mightily stirred the whole assembly, and showed to them, in turn, how unjust the idea which Orthodox bigots entertain as to the range of what men call the Liberal pulpit. Wendell Phillips at Dartmouth, R. W. Emerson at Amherst, and, in other years, Horace Bushnell at Cambridge, are all illustrations of the way in

which the committees of the literary societies can act, and often do, in showing people that those on the other side of dividing hedges are not so black or so extravagant as they have been described.

We call these "mock societies" with all due respect. It is true that the undergraduate members, in some of the colleges, keep up a boyish *esprit du corps* regarding them; but afterwards the societies exist only once a year, when a body of gentlemen get together to hear an oration, and a poem, if a poet have been found, and to dine together. These are not even literary men. There are not more than a few dozen men in the country, who can profess that their lives are devoted to literature. But on this day doctors, preachers, editors, politicians, schoolmasters, lawyers, engineers, and all sorts of people, who in their boyhood were in college, get together, and for the day pretend to be "literary men." No one is deceived. They are not deceived themselves. But it is like a well-played charade for a few hours, and for a few hours all who meet enjoy their share of the performance.

At Cambridge, this year, Mr. Beecher delivered an admirable address on Mirthfulness. We are truly sorry that it has not been published. Mr. Hurlbut, one of the few literary men whom we do have, and one of the most accomplished of those few, read the well-conceived and very spirited poem which we have named above.

Our own impression has always been, that a successful Phi Beta Kappa poem is an impossibility, — reserving for ourselves the right to say, however, that genius can accomplish impossibilities. Mere talent cannot. Nor can the clever maker of verses of society, nor the well-bred builder, who knows how to make pentameters rhyme, and to put in a metaphor in every fourth line, an undisguised simile in every third, a joke in every fifteenth, and a humorous allusion to women's rights, the Maine Liquor Law, and Redding's Russia Salve between the jokes. Everything in verse, except the best poetry, is wretched torture, on these occasions. We separate Mr. Hurlbut's poem by a wide distinction, then, from the great mass of such performances, when we say we consider it admirable.

To take his own words, it is a contrast between the "two natures in the mould of man"; the "two worlds of glory," — the world of Beauty and the world of Wealth; the Rome of Art, and the Carthage of History. A fine series of pictures, in which are woven pleasant memories of travel, and of a poet's travel, and pleasant memories of reading, and of a poet's reading, set off these two worlds against each other, and show

"How heavy, or how vain,
Life quite divorced from either of the twain."

So well is the contrast drawn, that we are sorry Mr. Hurlbut feared that his readers would miss the moral, and tried to put it in by itself at the end. True, all audiences are stupid, even the best. The intelligence of an audience, by some strange law, never seems to rise higher than that of the dullest man who sits in it. But still Mr. Hurlbut might have been confident that the lessons he had made all history teach, would not need especial interpretation at the end. The contrast he draws teaches his lesson all along, and with a point that cannot be eluded.

In noticing the Cambridge "Phi Beta," we cannot but regret that the address and poem delivered before the "Alpha Delta Phi," the same week, are not in print, and thus subjects for our review. Both Mr. Carter's oration and Mr. Cutler's poem were well worthy of publication. The beautiful closing lines of the poem were printed in a newspaper at the time; we copy them below, sure that they will please our readers now, and equally sure that twenty years hence we shall be glad to have put on record our high opinion of the genius of the young author.

" To-day is man's ; the Past and Future, God's.
 All the hoar ages died to give it birth,
 And all the Future hangs upon its deed.
 Morn, launching from the green horizon's shore
 His radiant bark, while all the forest tips
 And all the air are bright with pennons gay,
 Calls to his twilight sister round the world,
 ' To-day ! To-day ! ' And she, with rosy cheek,
 Waves white-armed farewell from her dusky car,
 While, like a setting star, behind the hills
 Her voice sinks silverly, ' To-day, To-day ! '
 Earth takes the warning on her thousand tongues.
 The little flowers whose duty is to bloom,
 The busy streams that bear away the hills,
 Ocean with all his harmony of shells,
 And mountain torrents, shout aloud, ' To-day ! '

" This is the strain to which the forest bowed,
 And gray old mountains bounded like the roe.
 This is the charm that tuned Amphion's reed,
 Gave life to stones, and raised the Theban walls.
 This is the magic of Aladdin's ring, —
 The noble music of all worthy deeds !

" Hear it, O heart ! Throw doors and windows wide,
 And let the light and voice of morning in !

Who careth where the shades of night are fled?
 Who waits To-morrow's far, uncertain dawn?
 To-day, to-day, the sun is on the hills.
 Go forth, O hero! resolute and strong.
 Work while the day is given, and, working, sing.
 And though, amid the clashing instruments
 Of earth's great orchestra, men heed it not,
 No feeblest voice shall pass unheard of God!"

4. — *The History of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.
 With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.
 1855. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 611, 666.

WITH the style of these volumes we are not disposed to find fault; for it has the two traits which we deem essential before all others to a good narrative style, — perspicuity and vivacity. There is, indeed, it may be, too much of the *schoolmaster* manner, — the appearance of *writing down* to the comprehension of partially developed minds; yet it is by no means improbable that this appearance is an illusion wholly subjective, and growing out of our didactic associations with the brothers Abbott. The apparatus of maps and engravings for the illustration of the history, is, so far as we know, unequalled, and of itself gives great value to the work, which at the same time bears every other indication of faithfulness and thoroughness in the collection and arrangement of materials. Yet we regard the book as false in its rendering of facts, and as of injurious moral tendency. Why we think so, we had intended to say in our present number; but the esteemed contributor who has this task in charge craves three months' grace, and will present his strictures in our January issue.

5. — *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. *With a Selection from his Letters*, edited by MRS. AUSTIN. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 2 vols. 24mo. pp. 378, 511.

THIS Memoir has enabled us to do tardy justice to the memory of a man whose character we had grossly misjudged. We had thought of him chiefly as a wit, a *bon vivant*, and a clerical *roué*. We have